EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."——"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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For the Magazine and Advocate

PERSECUTION.

Persecution for an honest belief, or a candid expression of sentiment, is unwarranted by reason, and can have its origin only in ignorance, and a perversion of human nature. For, a belief in all cases, is the result of organization, and concomitant circumstances, both of which are unavoidable by the individual believer. The mind of man was wisely conferred upon him, by kind Providence, for a useful and noble purpose, to direct his actions and originate his opinions; to study nature and observe her laws; and not to be held in tyranny by the shackles of physical restraint. Its operations and associations are beyond the control of the possessor,—its convictions are unalterable, when the the voice of reason says *no*. Its material tenement may be dismembered and destroyed; yet it will still observe the laws of its constitution, and manifest itself accordingly.

To persecute an individual, then, for a candid expression of sentiment, is virtually usurping the majesty of *Heaven*, and arrogating the power of reversing the eternal laws, which the Creator has impressed upon the human mind. It is in effect, assuming an understanding paramount to that of all the rest of the human family, and even of God himself; and arrogantly declaring, that a person shall disbelieve that which the soundest conclusion of his reason constrains him to believe, and to give credence to that which his peculiar nature and organization will not permit him to believe. It is justly observed by the learned Tillemont, that "violence makes nothing but hypocrites; no one can be persuaded, whilst the sound of manacles rings in his ears." And again says the pious and tolerant St. Augustine, "shall we persecute those whom God tolerates? Forbid it Heaven!! Advise, and do not use compulsion." As puerile and unnatural as the spirit of persecution for opinion's sake may appear, still millions of all ages of the world, have been its possessors, thousands of the most useful and noble men, have fallen victims to its demoniacal rage.

Aristarchos, a celebrated and independent astronomer of Samos, 267 B. C., narrowly escaped with his life, for publicly proclaiming to the bigoted and superstitious world, that the earth revolved about the sun with a double motion. The good and sagacious Pythagoras, the energies of whose gigantic mind were continually employed in ameliorating the condition of mankind, and unfolding the arcana of nature, was driven from Athens, and treated with contempt, for declaring to the public his candid convictions of the system of the universe, which the philosophers of the present enlightened age are willing to receive in whole, with very little modification. The sage and unsuperstitious Democritus, a celebrated philosopher of Abdera, who, after travelling over the greater part Asia, Africa, and Europe, in quest of useful knowledge, returned home in extreme poverty, and whilst prosecuting his philosophical inquiries to find out the cause of madness, was accused of insanity, and persecuted as a speculative novice. The great and wise Socrates, who enlightened the world with his talents, and benefited mankind by his sage counsels, was summoned before the tribunal of 500, for maintaining the unity of God, and there accused of corrupting the Athenian youth, and of making innovations in the religion of the Greeks, and was finally condemned by the vindictive judges of that body, to drink the deadly hemlock. Aristotle, to whom the world is indebted, for many of the most important ancient discoveries, was summoned to appear before the Areopagus, (for declaring to the Greeks the firmest convictions of his mind,) and to escape this disgraceful trial, he retired to Chalchui, and there drank the fatal poison, and expired, to the great loss of the literary world, and to the eternal disgrace of his bigoted persecutors. The venerable and ingenious Galileo, for publishing to the world, the productions of many years of close observation and fortunate discovery, was dragged before the inquisition of Rome, and there accused of impiety, and convicted of heresy. The intellectual Descartes, (who had written upon the existence of God,) was persecuted and accused of Atheism, for teaching the doctrine of innate ideas, and his books were publicly burnt, by order of the University of Paris. The zealous and devoted philosopher, Wolfe, was compelled to leave Halle in 24 hours, or be hanged, for teaching and maintaining the system of pre-existing harmony between the soul and the body, a belief which he taught with the utmost candor and sincerity.—Nicias, that brave and patriotic man, for intrepidly declaring to his countrymen, their avarice and folly in sending an expedition to Sicily, brought upon himself, the vengeance and calumny of the enthusiastic Athenians. The talented and learned Buffon, (whose labors in classifying and arranging the bones of the fossil remains of animals, are of incalculable benefit to mankind,) was ordered to appear before the theological faculty of Paris, and there, under the penalty of death, he was compelled to make a total recantation of his ingenious theory of the earth. The intrepid Luther, although I cannot embrace his doctrines, yet I do from the inmost recesses of my heart, admire that divine and independent spirit which he manifested in defence of his principles, whilst the frowns of popes, and inquisitions, threatened his destruction. And, finally, where is the man, who is a friend to free inquiry and investigation—who claims to himself, the free expression of sentiment, as an original right granted to him, by nature—who has charity for the opinions of others, and spurns greeneyed bigotry, as a gangrene in the social world—where is the man, I say, possessing these noble virtues, that can recall to his mind, that on Columbia's soil, the unswerving and immortal MURRAY, for proclaiming gospel tidings, was stoned and shamefully persecuted, by those who called themselves *Christians*, and not exclaim, Oh the ingratitude and inconsistency of perverted nature! How men arrogate the prerogative of the Governor of the universe! How they steal the charity of Heaven.

Abject and grovelling, indeed, must be the mind that does not admire the exemplary and intrepid conduct of a Socrates, a Pythagoras, a Galileo, or a Murray, who dared to rise above the prejudice of the day, and in defiance of inquisitorial vengeance, to proclaim fearlessly, their sentiments to the world, and whom the frowns of men, nor the threats of tyrants, could induce to shrink from discharging a moral duty. Let those who are now upon the stage of human action, pattern after their example, and inherit their noble virtues. Let them celebrate their worthy names, with never-ending praise, whilst they indignantly contemn the base and ignoble conduct of their cowardly persecutors. Let them hold the tyranny of the mind, in abhorrence, and censure the violence that attempts its subjugation. Let them be indulgent and tolerating, and look with charity upon the opinions of their fellows, and pardon their errors (if any) as inseparable from their nature. Let them regard those who differ from them in opinion, as possessing equal talent, knowledge, and desire for truth, with themselves; and consider that it is possible, that they may be in the wrong, whilst their dissenters are in the right. And, in conclusion, let them remember and profit by the true remark of the moral Dirois, "that a compelling and restrictive spirit in religion, is an evident proof that the spirit of it is an enemy to truth."

JUVENIS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

THE VALUE OF AN UNSPOTTED REPUTATION.

An extract from an Oration delivered at the Annual Exhibition of the Black River Academy, November 11th, 1841.

It is a truth which observation has authenticated, and which has received the sanction of the past, that the possession of an unspotted reputation, is one of the richest of earthly blessings. Yet how little value does a majority of mankind, attach to this, the greatest and best of *all* treasures which man can possess! How often do we behold those, who for a mere bauble, will sacrifice at the shrine of popular applause, the richest boon of earth, an untarnished character. Oh! it is strange, and as Shakspeare said, "'tis passing strange" to mark their folly.

Contemplate that noble youth, as he goes forth for the first time, to act his part upon the ever changing drama of human existence. The bright star of hope illumines his brow, and throws a halo over the path of the future; and his glowing imagination feasts on joys which are already his by anticipation. But a cloud has arisen, and the scene is darkened! In an evil hour, under the fallacious hope of suddenly arising to the zenith of fame and distinction, he has made shipwreck of himself, and blighted the fairest prospects of the future. His reputation is now sunk low in the grave of degradation and infamy; and upon his name is heaped the cold world's scorn. In *him* were concentrated the high and cherished hopes of friends—*in him* they are blasted forever. Thus has sunk many a promising youth, like a star stricken from the heavens, to rise no more. But different, *far different* is the history of him, who has placed a just estimate upon the value of that which constitutes his highest hopes, an *unspotted reputation*. To him it is given to know in what consists the true magnanimity of soul, and the spring that lends existence its charm.—And although the thunders of adversity may play around him, and clouds of impervious darkness hover o'er his prospects, yet he lives happy in the consciousness of his own integrity and honor; and crowned with the richest benedictions of his race.

To us, who are in the morning of our days, it is all important that we have a correct understanding of what constitutes the sum of human greatness,

and the true dignity of man. Nor is it less important, that we have a clear perception of those principles of action, on which we may hope successfully to rear the glorious fabric of a name, that shall shine with undimmed lustre and beauty as life wears away. It lies not in the province of my design to delineate the various principles that should form the basis of our actions; suffice it to say, that to gain the priceless gem of an unspotted reputation, our lives should be squared by the principles of virtue. For it is the beauty and dignity of virtue that will render man what man *should* be. It will throw a lustre upon his character, which will fade not through the lapse of time. "There is a beauty, a power, a divinity in virtue. In it may be found all that is great and good—all that is exalted in time, or glorious upon the records of eternity." Then let us remember, that if we would assert the dignity of our nature, if we would stand forth in that beauty which Heaven first stamped upon our brows, we must cultivate those ennobling faculties with which we are endowed. And let it ever be our aim to seek for that "greatness of character" that nobleness of soul which the "majesty of virtue will confer;" then shall we live as blessings to ourselves and the world; securing to ourselves a reputation and a name that shall shine with unfading lustre and glory, when our earthly tenement shall have mingled with its kindred dust. C. S. MASON.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

SLANDER.—A SKETCH.

BY REV. URIAH CLARK.

Reader, I would that this were a dream of fancy; that the heart had never felt thus rent and torn by the cruel fangs of bigotry and defamation.

It was a bright, beauteous morn in April, when the rising sun had just looked over eastern hills and dales, and in the sportive beams, glad minstrels returned from tropical climes, warbled their sweet melodies, in praise of Him who rules the rolling year, and hears the cry of the young raven. Winter's icy fetters had been melted, and here and there a tender shoot had appeared as if half afraid to look out upon the coming spring.

Hailing this morning of laughing spring, I wandered away from the busy circle, and roamed over a long hill that stretched away to the South, into a deep quiet valley, disturbed only by the murmurings of a loosened stream which wound through deep glens, and then opened into a broad plain of meadows. Shielded from the Northern breeze by the summit, I greeted the cheering rays of the sun that shone obliquely upon the hill side, and warmed up the body with new life and animation.—Here and there a wild flower was seen peeping above the earth, and smiling tenderly through the leafy bed upon which it reclined to attract the balmy beams of the life-giving luminary. Innocent ones! thought I, how little fearest thou, or art aware of the untimely frost which may fall to nip thy tenderness! Ah, why trust thyself to the world, ere thou art assured of protection, ere thou art taught that perennial bloom lives nor here?—The blast may come, the frost may sear thee, even in thy *innocence*—emblematical of youth, the pure, the undisguised, unaffected innocence and sincerity of young hearts, that know not that man may be cold, unfeeling and cruel.

Thus musing, I passed along and entered the borders of a grove which extended for miles to the eastward, and at length sat me down upon the decaying trunk of a fallen oak. The young withered flower, cut down in the spring-time of innocence, and the grey oak, which had rode through many stormy winters, came up to my mind with varied musings and comparisons. And as man, the infant, and the aged, is thus; thus may lessons of experience be stamped indelibly upon the mind. And while meditating upon the coming spring-time of the resurrection morn, when a glorious, fadeless unsetting sun shall rise to gladden a race of immortalized beings, who may forever bask in perpetual streams of living waters, and smile in the radiance of redeeming love, a faint cry, a sob, a rustling of the leaves at a short distance behind me, broke the spell.

I started involuntarily, and looking, saw a youth leaning against the trunk of a tall walnut. Stooping so as to be unseen, I watched him. His voice was stifled. He stood with his right elbow resting against the tree, supported his head in his hand, while his left arm held a cap and rested upon his left hip. His head reclined in deep thought towards the ground, and upon his countenance sat the deepest gloom. Heaving a sigh, he raised his eyes upwards, and rolled them as in deep despair. Clasping his hands for a moment with an imploring look to heaven, he let them fall heavily by his side, and dropped his head, as if the last hope had gone. At times he cast hurried glances all around, as if fearful that mortal eye beheld him. Oh, what a look in that face, what sleeplessness in that eye, and what big lines of grief were stamped upon that noble forehead! His locks rolled carelessly down in wild confusion, at times partly hiding his pale brow and sorrow-sunken eyes. For a moment he stood calm. Then horror flashed in every lineament, as though adders and scorpions gnawed upon his vitals. Ah, worse than these were there! My mind was all absorbed, my soul lost in one intense gaze at that once noble youth; yea, noble still in paroxysms of deep, untold wo. He appeared scarce to have seen eighteen summers, and yet maturity spoke through the lines of sorrow that scarred his countenance, and the agony that rankled within. Alas, what could be the cause!—Could the stripes of a guilty conscience be lacerating there? Appearance exclaimed against the terrible conjecture. I had become so wrought up that it was impossible for me to stay from rushing into his arms, to entreat him to pour out his bleeding soul in confidence. Such is human sympathy, that I fain would have endured the stroke for his relief. But there was a holy forbidding aspect around him that withheld me. In his despairing look, the heavy sigh, and melancholy spell there seemed to run a vein of heavenly pleasure and complacency. For the world I would not have broken in upon his musings! Hitherto he had uttered nothing audibly in distinct tone. He now advanced towards me, and planted his feet upon a large, moss-covered rock. I watched him as though life had been at stake. Dropping the cap from his hand, he raised both arms upward, with eyes following, that struck me with awe, and, in pleading supplication, exclaimed, "O Almighty God, art thou?" In that voice there seemed power to melt even the rock upon which he stood.—"O Father, if these days of bitterness and wo can not pass from me, lend me strength—touch this broken heart with thy power of everlasting love, that the fountain of waters long smothered within the burdened soul, may gush forth in streams of resignation." The angel of mercy hovered over, and dropped a tear. It entered the long chained fountain, and thick and fast rolled down the briny flow over those pallid cheeks. They were relief, but ah, such relief as seemed to convulse every nerve, every chord of that young heart, and tear up the deep foundations of his soul. Sobs, convulsions, long drawn sighs, and tears mingled together, and choked utterance, except in broken sentences: "O Heaven, why was I born?—why is it thus?—and yet why murmur?—Father, forgive me this folly—I am but poor, weak mortal—thou, wise, strong, and infinite in goodness. Yet hard, hard is my fate! No—mercy, bless! let resignation be mine, let calm reconciliation come over my soul, and silence all complaints. O why, why? I have loved all—hated none—tried to merit affection, even such as now lives within for those who have scourged me. Immaculate! witness my innocence!—and yet I have sinned, ah, grievously—but not as charged, and yet I suffer the horrors of deep slander, dark defamation! From whom?—horrible vision, but too real! From my veriest—no I will not say—O that a dagger of steel had been mine, instead of this venom from—from—! An outcast from home, society, friends, companions—all, all. O that I had been borne to distant lands, where the cold look, the scornful sneer, the haughty smile of contempt, and the deep piercing tongue of scandal, with its blasting, poisonous, blackening ebullitions, had never caused this sundering of soul and body! And why all this? O I would not see humanity sunk, degraded, cast down to shades of dark iniquity and unmingled wo, to know hope nor joy no more forever. I could not see the loved ones who clung around my heart—ah, *one* who had gone from earth—could not believe that our Father above *could* be so cruel, as to rend them, and slaughter heavenly affection in hopeless, despairing worlds of—hell. In the unchanging star, the rolling sun, the mighty deep, in all nature's wide and beautiful domain, and in the divine page, I could not see it, did not.—A Jesus breathed there in soft words of love to mankind, telling of the Father's mercy. For this, *this*, bitter foes spring up on every hand, and I am despised, slandered, forsaken. O, I, who feel nought but kindness for the bitterest, From the hands of whom come these stripes, and who are these that heap vengeance upon my devoted head? Christ, pardon, if thy name is thus blasphemed—*Christians!* Father, forgive them, even as I do, and let me feel that there is refuge in thine arms, even when earthly father and mother, friends and loved ones forsake and cast out, out upon this world of tempest, blown by the foul breath of slander." He ceased. Tears were dry. He seated himself upon the rock, and there remained in silent, deep thought for some half an hour. A long sigh arose from his bosom, and a convulsive sob, as a hollow moan broke in solemn tones from the depths of his troubled spirit and his hand closely pressed his heart. A moment more, and he arose with calmness in every feature, and, planting his feet firm upon the granite foundation, exclaimed, "this be the emblem of that rock upon which I henceforth stand to unfurl the banner of *Universal Redemption;* the basis upon which I stand to sound an alarm to the foes of Zion, and wield the sceptre of *Conquering Love.* I go,—Heaven defend!"

Years have passed, and that youth has adhered to his vow. The darts of former enemies have been grounded, and he now meets the warm smile in place of the cold look, and the hand of kindness and respect, in place of the iron rod of bigotry and slander.

Canandaigua, Oct. 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

IS DEATH THE END OF OUR BEING?

Living as we do in this transitory state of existence—in this world of crime and transgression; subject as we are, to the ten thousand changes and variations to which this life finds us actually exposed; where happiness and misery, joy and grief, virtue and vice, health and sickness, peace and war, hope and disappointment are so unavoidably as well as providentially commingled and intertwined together; and where our youthful associates and friends, our dearest relatives and most beloved connections, are, by the interposition of Providence, being continually separated and torn from the presence of each other, by death the king of terrors—some in old age, others in the bloom and sprightliness of youth—we are at once unavoidably led to ask ourselves this all-important and solemn question, Is death the end of our being? We first come from non-existence into being; and are we to sink again from this state of existence into nonentity!

When I look about me for a moment, and cast my eye towards the east or to the west, towards the north or to the south, I discover the earth to be inhabited with many millions of human beings in the form and stature of myself. They have minds to think and understand, hearts to feel for and sympathise with the unfortunate and afflicted of their race; consciences sensitive to the duties they owe to themselves, to the rights and liberties of others, and to the obligations both to God and men; yet are we no longer to exist than until our mortal bodies shall sink into the depths of the tomb, and there moulder away and return to the primitive elements from which they first originated? Shall our souls sink into a state of unconsciousness; and sleep forever the sleep that knows no waking?

The idea that this must be the condition in which death will plunge us, is overwhelming to the finer feelings, revolting to humanity, and enough to reduce the soul to a state of the keenest and most abject misery. I can not believe, nor need I, that God, the omnipotent sovereign of the universe, who is infinite in power, omniscient and omnipresent, who created all things, and sustains all things, has ever created a living being to inhabit any portion of the universe of God, that has not within himself the seeds of immortality, which shall eventually spring up to life, to be made finally holy and eternally happy. Has God created, and can he not perpetuate the existence of the creature? Has God the power and not the will to bless his creatures with an immortal and happy existence? Has he created within the soul of man an innate and imperishable desire for a happy immortality, without ever designing to satisfy that want? Has God given a shadow, and is there no substance for us? Will God tantalize his creatures with a hope of a future existence—a hope of immortal holiness, and unceasing happiness—a hope which is no more desirable than it is just that we should be blessed with its reality—without ever intending to confer upon his needy creatures that blessed existence, which is as easy to give as it is to withhold it from them? Whence comes this longing, this ardent desire for a happy immortality? Why do we want an immortal existence? Who has taught us that we need it? is it not God? If so, will he not supply our necessities? He certainly will. If he wills the happiness of his creatures, and is able to do his will, then our future being, our future holiness and happiness depend upon the power and will of God—if so, why need I fear? If God desires it, who can successfully oppose it? For "the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king, he will save us." Isa. xxxiii: 22. In God we repose our confidence, our trust, and all that we are or hope to be; "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Does it not appear evident, as well as reasonable and consistent, that God, the author and preserver of our being, who is always just, merciful, good and kind, and is without a shadow of turning, and whose attributes never conflict with each other, will in the dispensations of divine providence, and in his dealings with mankind, so order and direct that his creatures shall eventually be the happy recipients of an imperishable and immortal existence; and that existence to be entirely free from sin, perfectly holy, and blessed with an unchangeable and unalterable residence in the beatific presence of that heavenly throng, where God and holy angels dwell. That God will finally come off conqueror over death, hades, and over all evil in the universe, so that every being in heaven, in the earth, and under the earth, will finally become holy and happy, is my positive and undoubting belief. To that Universalist whose faith is founded upon the rock, firm and steadfast, death has no sting. He carries within his own bosom indubitable evidence that death is not the end of his being, and he knows that he shall live again with God, angels and perfect men.

PERRY PHILLEO.

DeWitt, Onondaga county, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

PAY THE PRINTER.

Pay the Printer, should be the motto of every reader of a newspaper. The printer is like a light set on an eminence, and that can not be hid, diffusing light to all. His duties are great, his responsibilities are immense, and the blessings which he sheds upon community are commensurate with his duties and responsibilities. The virtues and morals of community depend much, very much on the printer. Through his means the most valuable productions of the pen are carried to the most humble roof, which otherwise would have been found only in the libraries of the opulent. By his aid, the soft showers of heavenly love distil their sweetness to a dying world, and the dews of religion impart their sweetness to the flowers of hope, and they ripen for eternity.

He alike warns us of approaching danger or of coming good. He, like the sun, impartially sends his blessings to the evil and the good, to the just and the unjust. Pay, then, the Printer. Pay him who labors day and night for your good. Pay him whose pen is ever ready to point out the felon and bring him to justice. Fail not, then, to pay the printer.

J. H. M.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following was received some time since, and laid by for use; but was not overhauled again till now. We omit the business details.

Florence, Launderdale co., Alabama.

Rev. AARON B. GROSH—

Dear Sir:—Your paper is much needed in this country, and I hope that in a few months, we may be able to get you several subscribers. Error of the grossest kind, prevails here to an alarming extent. Presbyterianism in its worst form holds undisputed sway among our people. We are fifty years behind you in our notions of the objects of the Gospel dispensation. A man here who pretends to question the existence of a literal and *bona fide* hell, with all its concomitants, fire, brimstone, etc., is looked upon as a heretic whose doom was fixed before the Almighty blessed him with being. Indeed, Sir, such is the depravity of the human heart, when wrought upon by the doctrine of endless misery, that, had they the power, there are thousands within the pale of the self-styled orthodox churches of the day, who would persecute and disfranchise every citizen who would presume to deny the scripture authenticity of their peculiar creeds. Our Methodist divines are more liberal in their views, and do occasionally admit (perhaps inadvertently) the efficacy of morality in aid of future salvation. On other questions, however, involved in the controversy between the Partialists themselves, and those who believe that the great plan of salvation was consummated at the crucifixion of Christ; they are equally as intolerant, as their brethren of the other churches. We were recently visited by a celebrated divine of the Presbyterian order, who came here avowedly to revolutionize the place—to gather in the scattered children of the covenant, as he alleged he was commissioned to do by the Head of the church—Christ, the anointed, and to pass judgment upon those who wilfully refused to receive his dogmas as the embodied exemplification of God's will.—He preached the exploded doctrine of election, as it was wont to be preached in the days of Cotton Mather, and yet strange to say, he was listened to by hundreds, during a long protracted meeting, and succeeded in making many young and innocent persons believe that they were born to be damned, and that their damnation would add to the glory and felicity of the Almighty!

These are the scenes which are witnessed here at every protracted meeting—scenes which tend to the upbuilding of Atheism, more than all other causes now operating in the world, or that can be brought to bear against the truth of the scriptures,

With great Respect
Your Obt. Servant,
L. T. T.

"Little Rock, Arks, Sept., 20, 1842

"I have been in this place about six months, and thank God I have found some few that are not ashamed to own that Christ is the Saviour of all men. We have had some great camp meetings in Arkansas, conducted by the Methodists—they have made some converts, as they call them. I attended one of their meetings not long since, but they had not much luck in getting converts.

"I have not seen or heard of a Universalist paper since 1837, as I have been among the Indians since that time, until about six months ago. I left Auburn, N. Y., in 1837.

"Here is a fine place for a young man. We have a fine little city. Times are rather hard at present, but we live in hopes of better. We have a small number of brethren who look forward with an eye of faith, and that boldly, and fearlessly, and are ready to give a reason of the hope that is in them; not as a preacher who held forth in the Methodist church last Sunday night, and chose for his text, "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" contending that the word soul here spoken of, was the immortal part of man. After finishing his discourse, I asked him Dr. A. Clark's opinion of the word, and he said that it meant *life*. I then asked him what made him call it the immortal part of man in his sermon, and he said that he knew of no other way of expressing his ideas! Such is the way we are taught, and I am sorry to say it, but some of our citizens believe such preaching, for the reason, I suppose, that they hear nothing else, and are careless, and do not search for the truth of the matter, but take what is said for granted. We have three churches—yes, I may say four, for A. Campbell has been this way, and has got a few followers."

"I am Yours &c.,
N. KEYES."

Br. Tompkins.—Credit Lewis Brown, New Berlin, N. Y., $2.00, for current volume Repository. Also credit Mrs. S. Treat, Laporte, (Indiana,) $2.00, charge us. Send current volume to Br. C. L. Shipman, North Norwich, N. Y. He has not received it.

Br. Adams will please send Light of Zion to James Lumbart of this city, from the commencement of the present volume.

MARRIAGES.

In Newport, November 8th, by the Rev. M. B. Smith, Mr. FREDERCK WELLER, to Miss HELEN SPENCER, all of Newport.

In Randolph, Catatraugus county, October 30th, by Rev. N. Stacy, Mr. ENFIELD LEACH, to Miss MARY ANN WOODWORTH, daughter of Zebedee Woodworth, Esq., both of Randolph.

DEATHS.

Another laborer called from the vineyard, home to his heavenly rest!

In Chautauque, county of Chautauque, N. Y., on the 8th of July last, Rev. CALEB TODD, in the 79th year of his age.

The deceased was a man of superior intellectual powers, of elevated moral sentiments, and of industrious, enterprising and persevering habits; which rendered him a valuable citizen, a devoted friend, and an affectionate and faithful companion. He was a native of North Haven, county of New Haven, Ct. He early manifested a solemn regard for religion, was educated in the school of Presbyterianism under the ministry of Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of whose church his parents were members; but becoming dissatisfied with the undisguised manner in which the Rev. Dr. held forth the doctrine of particular election and reprobation, and especially *infant damnation*, he withdrew from that congregation, and at about the age of 26, united with the Baptists, and soon became a preacher. At the age of 31 he removed to Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., where he officiated as pastor of a Baptist church, some fifteen years. But here God was pleased to lead his soul into the full enjoyment of the liberty of the Gospel. A Universalist preacher (Rev. P. Dean) came that way—Mr. Todd, though astonished at the idea, and totally opposed to this scheme of the devil's invention, as he supposed, felt, notwithstanding, an inclination to hear what could be said in favor of so strange a delusion. He attended—and his attention was so far arrested as to incline him to give the subject a prayerful and scriptural investigation; and he was not long in arriving at a full and permanent faith in the glorious Gospel of God's universal grace;—and immediately, without delay, became a preacher of what he had once attempted to destroy; and continued in the faith, and in the ministry, as God afforded him strength and opportunity, until the day of his death; and he closed his long and well spent life, rejoicing in the full assurance of a glorious immortality for himself and for the whole Adamic family.

About the year 1819, he removed from Herkimer county to Chautauque, his last place of residence, where by his industry and economy he acquired a handsome property, and left a competency for the surviving members of his family. He has left an aged companion with six children to deplore their loss, beside numerous other realtives. But, thanks be to God, they can derive consolation by retrospecting the labors of his life, which they must do with approbation and gratitude;—but more especially are they consoled by the consideration of that faith which characterises every thought, word and action of his life, after he received it; which sustained him in every trial and failed him not in death,—and which, through Christ, gives them the divine assurance of a glorious re-union beyond the regions of sickness and the reign of death.

His funeral obsequies were attended on the 10th. The Baptists, with Christian liberality, offered the use of their meeting house, but it would not hold the congregation, and they adjourned to the orchard of the deceased, where an immense concourse of neighbors and friends gave ample testimony of their high regard for the deceased; and an able and appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. S. Adams.

N. STACY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

THE CROWN OF LIFE....No. I.

BY J. H. MASON.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—Eccl. xii: 1.

There is no season of life so well calculated to receive information as youth, when the mind is tender and the habits are not formed. It is then that impressions are made that are as lasting as life.—It is the seed time of life when are sown the briers and thorns, or the good fruit which will yield in after life its many fold reward; peace, and joy, and all the blessings flowing from a virtuous life. The mind in youth is a pure white page, once stained—once blotted with the pestilential dyes of sin and crime, it will endure as long as life shall last. How necessary, then, that right impressions be first made, that the youthful page, the first fair page in the life of man, be filled with the fair lines of goodness, that no time can deface, that no blight can blur; but whose brilliancy and intrinsic value will grow brighter and fairer by use, and shed a lustre of glory on the possessor—shed innumerable blessings on all around; and when the last feeble pulse of mortality shall cease to beat, will mantle the countenance with smiles of satisfaction, and enable the triumphant shout to be uttered, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Youth is the time to remember our Creator, the time to store the mind with enduring good, with that religious knowledge which will ever be a source of happiness from whence consolation will be drawn in the hours of distress and adversity, and increase the sum of real enjoyments in the day of prosperity.

Youthful friends, we cannot spend a few moments better than to retire within the secrets of our own breasts, and review our own lives during the past year, recall to mind the many proofs of the unbounded goodness of our heavenly Father. He has spared our lives through the manifold evils of the past, and permitted us once more to draw nigh the close of another year. He has shed upon us the blessings of another Spring, the smiles and glories of another Summer, and the bountiful harvest of another Autumn. The glorious sun with his effulgent beams, the moon's soft rays, the gentle rains and morning dews, the tepid airs of Spring, and the refreshing breezes of Autumn alike have shed their blessings around us; yea the great Father of life, and light, and love, has given to us all these blessings. He knoweth all our wants, and his paternal care is ever extended over us, even the sparrow's fall is noticed by him. And while he has been showering his blessings upon us, have we in turn thought of him, has the heart been raised in adoration to him for his parental care?—Has the heart leaped with joy in contemplating the goodness of the Giver of all good and perfect gifts? Or have the heavenly Father and the Saviour of the world been forgotten in the grasp after worldly goods and worldly honors? If this has been our conduct through the year, if we have neglected our duty to our God, and to our fellow-men, if for pelry pelf our minds have been so absorbed that we have forgotten the holier, better part, the true path of happiness, let us call in our wandering thoughts, and begin anew our lives, regulate our affections by the precepts of Christ—embrace the new and living way, and under all circumstances, let us endeavor to imitate our Saviour in doing good.

May we remember that our life is but a span, a hair's breadth; that our age is as nothing; that it is like "the grass which groweth up: in the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down and withereth." So with us the morning of youth passes, and the evening of age will close over us, and we be blotted from among the living: let us so live that when the night of death shall close over us, we shall leave a name to fill our place that will be a joy to our friends and a blessing to mankind. We should remember that we exert an influence in the circles in which we move. No man is without influence. That influence will survive the cold grave, and long after we have been consigned to its silent mansions, long after the sods above our heads have become green, and the flowers have bloomed, and shed their sweet incense above our sleeping dust, that influence will exert its power, will still continue to spread its baleful poison among the rising generation, or, by purifying the morals of mankind, will add lustre and glory to our names, and cause us to be remembered with joy and gratitude.

My young friends, think of these things; let your actions be worthy of you as rational, moral and intellectual beings, destined to live in the realm of endless bliss; live then, so that your influence when you shall be no more, shall be upon society as oil and wine to the bruised and maimed.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

A SHORT INQUIRY CONCERNING THE DEVILS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The object of this inquiry is, 1st, to ascertain whether the *demons or devils* of the Old Testament are the spirits of dead men? And 2ndly, to avoid the conclusion which has led men to stain their hands in the blood of their fellow men.

In order that the reader may have the full amount of evidence, I will lay before him every place where the word *devils* is found in the Old Testament. It occurs for the first time in Lev. xvii: 7. Moses says that the children of Israel "shall no more [illegible] sacrifices unto *devils* after whom they have gone a whoring." Here observe, 1st, [illegible] that these *devils* are the spirits of dead men—This was spoken after the children of Israel had been among the heathen in Egypt, and had learned *their* inventions, as the reader may see when I lay before him the evidence contained in the 106th Psalm.

Deuteronomy xxxii: 17. is the next place where the word *devils* is found. By comparing this 17th verse, it will be seen that the Israelites, provoked God to jealousy, with strange *gods*, with abominations, &c. These gods, or *devils* unto whom sacrifices were offered, are called vanities in the 21st verse. And the phrases, "gods whom they knew not"—"new gods that come newly up, whom your fathers feared not"—"their vanities," &c., would lead me to suppose that these *new devil-gods*, so far from being spirits capable of striking terror into human beings, were nothing but heathen idols—in themselves considered, as harmless as a lifeless piece of wood, or perhaps a long-bearded goat!

In 2 Chron. xi: 15, I find that Jeroboam had made *devils* and calves! I therefore conclude that devils were no more the spirits of dead men than the calves were.

I come now to examine the 106th Psalm, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39th verses. From verse 35 I learn that the Israelites "were once mingled among the heathen, and learned *their* works." And from these verses just cited it is clearly seen that the Hebrews were once idolators—that "they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto *devils*"—yea, even "unto the idols of Canaan." "Thus were they defiled with *their own works*, and went a whoring with *their own inventions*."

Now, reader, you have seen every place, according to Cruden's Concordance, in the Old Testament where the word *devils* is found. Turn to the passages, and examine them for yourself. And I ask you, if it is at all probable that any unprejudiced mind would even arrive at the conclusion that the devils of the Bible are unclean spirits, or the spirits of the wicked dead?

John Gill, the Baptist, and Dr. A. Clarke, the Methodist, men deeply versed in oriental literature inform us, that the original Hebrew word translated *devils* means the *hairy ones* or *goats*. See their comments upon the scriptures above cited.

But says an objector, what of all this? Why attempt to lift the curtain, and disclose to the light of day these ancient and sacred subjects? Answer. I see, or think I see a strong disposition in some ruling minds of the present day, to bring back the exploded doctrines of devils, ghosts and witches. Perhaps the objector is ready to say, what harm is there in such innocent bug bears? Answer.—When it is remembered that the learned Baxter pronounced the disbeliever in witchcraft an *obdurate Sadducee*, and that Sir Matthew Hale, one of the brightest ornaments of the English Bench, repeatedly tried and condemned those as criminals, who were accused of witchcraft; and in a word, that in Germany alone, more than *one hundred thousand persons* have been put to death for the supposed crime of being in league with devils, hobgoblins or demons, the merciful man should hold dear to his heart the light of truth, and reject with scorn the attempt to fasten on the rising generation the stale old doctrines of devils—doctrines which have bewildered the brains of millions, petrified the hearts of parents against their children, and deluged some of the fairest portions of the earth in blood.

VINDEX.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

IGNORANCE AND BIGOTRY.

"It it enough to strike one dumb, to think that parents will bring up a family to go to a Universalist meeting!"

Such was the exclamation of a young lady, a member of a partialist church, who asked a little girl what meeting her people attended, and received for an answer, "The Universalist."

Surely! what a *very sad* thing it is, that parents will be so regardless of their children's welfare, as to take them to a meeting where they are told from Bible authority, that their existence is a blessing, and the Being who gave it a Being of unbounded wisdom, goodness and love; that the same kind hand which shaped life's crimson current in their own active forms, traced the delicate tints of every little flower, gilded the insects' wings, and bears aloft the mighty mind to its Maker, God; that wherever they are, His ever watchful eye and constant care is hovering around to protect them from harm, and to impress upon their minds with the "still small voice," that to be happy they must be good and *do* good, and that virtue's (or wisdom's) ways only, are pleasant!

What a pity too, to teach children that the humblest subject of want is equal in its Maker's sight to the cherished child of affluence, that they should in very deed, have benevolence and sympathy for the poor, compassion and forgiveness for the erring, and love to all, because God does the same and has prepared a mansion in his eternal kingdom, where all will be invited as one affectionate family, and tune their youthful harps in praise to "Our Father who art in heaven."

To induce the child or irreligious adult to raise a praying, grateful heart to God, shall we tell them that a deep admiration of nature, a strict attention to the duties of life and enjoyment of its blessings or the few sunny hours which cross their pathway, are so many stepping stones to perdition: that if from an imperative sense of duty, inclination, or from his own kind feelings, an individual chances to spend his life in doing good to all as he has opportunity, helping the widow and orphan, and does as near as possible, keep himself unspotted from the world's vigilant eye, yet for the *enormous* crime of not loving to make long and loud prayers in the sanctuary, or for not oppressing the poor to swell the box for Foreign Missions, is to be cast into regions of interminable wo, where Erebus' dark waters will roll over his spiritual form, thus adding ten-fold torment to the unquenchable flames which surround him, and where hellish fiends with their horrid grin will cry out, "wail! wail forever! no joys shall be thine; but misery—*unending misery*; long as eternity endures!" Will this cause them to bow down their souls in love, in gratitude, in humble adoration? Or shall we tell them that God is their Father, Friend and Benefactor; that he does even more for them than thought can conceive; permits no evil to exist without good in view; that though they meet affliction's troubled waters, or adversity's waves roll high even to obscure the star of Hope, yet it is but for a season; the Sun of Right-

cousness will at length appear to guide them to an eternal home. Tell them there is room enough in heaven for all for whom the Immaculate gave his life; there joy will not be complete till the last child is brought in, that yet while far, far off in the road of transgression, the Father will meet the prodigal with the blandest smile of forgiveness, put the ring of undying love upon his finger, and bear him to His own bright home. There the tear of humble penitence will be wiped from every eye; there no friends will part, no enemies ever meet, no sorrow come; but joy, transcendent, triumphant joy "will fill, bound and equal all."

Tell me, is not this worthy of being taught, of contemplating, of believing? Our sister of the Baptist faith was right; it is enough to strike one dumb, to think of these things. LETITIA.

November 12th, 1842.

From Jahn's Bib. Archæology.

THE PASSOVER.

The passover, the Pentecost, and the feast of Tabernacles, were festivals, instituted for the purpose of commemorating the wonderful kindness of God. The Pentecost continued only for one day, the Passover *seven*, and the feast of the Tabernacles *eight*, but the first and the last only, in both cases, were properly considered festival days, in which no employment further than was necessary to prepare food, was permitted. Exod xii: 16. Lev. xxiii: 7.

At the return of the three great festivals, all the adult Jews made their appearance, either at the tabernacle or temple, with presents, which were taken from the second tythes, the firstlings of the second product of the flocks, and the second first-fruits. They offered sacrifices, feasted; and with songs, music, and dancing, rejoiced in God, as a being, wonderful for his mercies.

The word itself, which is usually employed to designate festivals, if its original signification be consulted, is an intuition, that dancing was practiced on such occasions. Exod xxiii: 17. Lev. xxiii: 38. Num. xxix: 39. Deut. xii: 18, xiv: 26, xvi: 11-17. xxvi: 11.

The festival of the Passover was instituted for the purpose of preserving among the Hebrews the memory of their liberation from Egyptian servitude, and of the safety of their first-born on that night, when the first born of the Egyptians perished. Exod. xii. It was celebrated for seven days, viz., from the 15th to the 21st of the month ABIB or NISAN *(April,)* Exod xii: 1-28. xxiii: 15. Lev. xxii: 4-8. Num. xxviii: 16-25. Deut. xvi: 1-8.

During the whole of this period, the people ate unleavened bread. It was for this reason, that the festival is sometimes called the *feast of unleavened bread*. Exod. xii: 17, xii: 6, 7. xxiii: 15. Lev xxiii: 6. Num. xxviii: 17. If in Deut. xvi: 8, only *six* days of unleavened bread are mentioned, the reason is, that the first day, being considered a separate festival, is not included. On the eve of the 14th day, the leaven was removed, so that nothing might be seen of it during the week, a circumstance, in respect to which the Jews are very scrupulous, even at the present time. 1 Cor v: 7.

Hence not only the 15th, but the 14th also of the month ABIB may with propriety, as it is in some instances, in the Bible, be termed the first day of unleavened bread, since the leaven was removed on the 14th before evening. Josephus has accordingly assigned *eight* days, Antiq. II. 15, 1, and *seven*, Antiq. III. 10, 5, IX, 13, 3, to the feast of the Passover, when in reality there were but *seven*. On the 10th day of the month ABIB, the master of a family separated a ram or a goat of a year old, (Exod. xii: 1-6.) which he slew on the 14th day between the *two evenings*, before the altar. Deut. xvi: 2, 5, 6. The priest sprinkled the blood upon the bottom of the altar; but in Egypt, when the event occurred, which was the origin of the Passover, the blood was sprinkled on the post of the door. Exod. xii: 7.

The ram or the kid, which was properly called *protection*, was roasted whole, with two spits thrust through it, the one length wise, the other transversely, crossing the longitudinal one near the fore legs; so that the animal was in a manner *crucified*. The *oven*, in which it was roasted, is the one described § 140. No. II. Pesachim. c. 3. John xix: 36, comp. § 142.

Thus roasted, it was served up with a salad of wild, and bitter herbs, and with the flesh of other sacrifices. Not fewer than ten, nor more than twenty persons, were admitted to these sacred feasts, which were at first eaten in Egypt, with loins girt about, with shoes upon the feet, and with all the preparations for an immediate journey: but this was not the case at any subsequent period. The command however, not to break a bone of the offering, which was given in consequence of the people going in such haste (as they might otherwise have been delayed,) was ever afterwards observed among the Jews. John xix: 36.

The ceremonies, practiced at the eating of the Paschal supper, appear to have been nearly the same with those, which are practiced among the Jews at the present day. Compare 1 Cor. ii: 26. These ceremonies were exemplified in part in the last supper of the Saviour, where mention is made of the *blessing* on the bread and wine, which is prescribed in the Book just referred to, Matt. xxvi: 26.

The master of the family, after the Paschal supper is prepared, breaks the bread, having first blessed it, and divides it to all, who are seated around him, so that each one may receive a part, who has liberty, if he chooses, to dip it before eating into a vessel of sauce.

The *third* cup of wine, which is drunk on this occasion, is properly termed the *cup of benediction*. Matt. xxvi: 27. 1 Cor. x: 16. After this, songs of praise are sung, viz., Psalms 115-118; after which another cup is drunk. Mark xiv: 26, and, if the guests have a disposition to repeat Psalms 120-137, another also. The wine is mingled with water.

On the second day of the Passover, i. e. on the 16th day of the month ABIB, a sheaf of barley was offered up, also a lamb of a year old for a burnt offering, also a meal-offering and a libation.

This ceremony was the introduction, prescribed by Law, to the *harvest*. Lev. xxiii: 1-14 On every day of the Paschal week, there were offerings more than usual, and victims were immolated for sin. Num. xxviii: 16-25.

NOTE.—In the Latin Church, the general opinion is, that the Saviour, in his last supper, ate the Passover supper; though some suppose, that he anticipated the usual time by a day, i. e. they suppose, that he followed in this instance, the practice of the Sadducees, who calculated the return of the New moon astronomically, which would bring this festival a day earlier, than it would otherwise happen: an opinion, which we have already shown to be inadmissible. We would now merely add in reference to this opinion, that all the arrangements of a religious nature, which had any reference to the Temple, were made in accordance with the opinions, that prevailed among the *Pharisees*: and, furthermore, that the discourse in Matt. xxvi: 1-19. Mark xiv: 12-18. Luke xxii: 7-14, is concerning the customary day of the Passover.

The Greek Church, on the contrary, contend, that the last supper of the Saviour was not the Paschal supper, and that in instituting the Eucharist he made use of *leavened* bread. Some individuals in the Latin Church agree in this opinion, excepting that they suppose *unleavened bread* to have been used on the evening of the 13th day of the month ABIB, and that consequently the Saviour, in instituting the Eucharist on that evening, made use of bread of that kind.

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

REV. A. B. GROSH, EDITOR.

REVS. G. W. MONTGOMERY, A. R. BARTLETT, A. C. BARRAY, CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1842.

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL.

"Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."—Matt. xxiii: 24.

The camel being one of the largest domestic animals known to the Orientals, it is frequently used in their proverbs, even to this day, to express a large and well known size. Hence the expression of our Saviour, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," expressed the apparent improbability of a rich man's forsaking his earthly possessions and escaping from Jerusalem prior to its destruction, and thus saving his life by heeding the warnings of Jesus. So in our context it is used to express a wide contrast, between one of the smallest and one of the greatest violations of right and truth.

The Pharisees, by a strict adherence to the various corruptions of, and absurd refinement on their law, frequently violated the law itself in both its spirit and its letter. For this our Saviour frequently rebuked them sharply. In the context, alluding to various absurd distinctions which they had been led to make by their adherence to the commandments of men, and the traditions of the elders, Jesus points out the gross inconsistency of supposing that the gold of the temple was more sacred than the temple of which it was a part, and by which it was rendered sacred; or that the gift on the altar was more holy than the altar which held and sacrificed the gift, or that the paying of tythes of small herbs was a more important duty than the practice of justice, mercy and fidelity, for the securing of which the tythes were first instituted. Then, referring to them as teachers in Israel, yet guilty of these pernicious and false distinctions, he calls them, "Blind guides who strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!"—who scrupulous about trifles; and yet unscrupulously omit performing the most important duties; or commit the greater crime without hesitancy.

The peculiar phraseology of our text in the common version, somewhat obscures its meaning to the casual reader. Several translators render the passage, "strain out a gnat," as if the act were performed by drinking through the closed teeth. This, though more intelligible, does not give the full sense of the original nor sufficiently depict the precise formality of the Pharisees. The law of Moses distinctly divided all animals and birds into clean and unclean. The formalists of the Jews, who rested in the precise letter rather than obeyed the spirit of the law, having learned that water contained animalculæ, were fearful that some of them might not chew the cud or be cloven in the hoof, and therefore filtered all the water which they devoted to culinary purposes, or used for drink. It is to this custom that our Saviour alluded in the text, the meaning of which is best expressed by a circumlocutory phrase—"Ye blind guides! who filter water to strain out a gnat, which may or may not be unclean, and yet swallow a camel!" one of the large uncleanannimals. A. B. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on hand, from various known and unknown writers, a large number of communications which we can not prepare for the press without spending on them *more* labor than would be necessary to write as many new ones. We have waited long and in vain for time to copy them; for the most of them have but one fault—bad penmanship. Another lot need very numerous corrections of orthography and syntax—so numerous that if corrected, they, too, must be copied. The ideas of these are generally good, or they would not have been preserved so long. Another lot consists of long articles—too long to get into the paper without filling it to the exclusion of shorter articles; and even then, some would have to be divided contrary to the wishes of their writers. Such is the "stock on hand," except a very few articles which we are rapidly getting into print.

Now, we must consult the tastes of our readers, as well as the desires of writers, and the interests of the cause. These sometimes conflict with each other, so as to render our duty difficult and unpleasant. But still, we do what we can. We wish to draw out and develope youthful and hidden talent—to encourage, and aid in improving it, that when the older writers of our denomination cease, there may be a full supply to fill their places. We wish, also, to gratify the desires of writers

and their friends, in publishing articles on some special and local subjects; though we well know that they are not generally interesting to the great mass of our readers. Yet a few may be allowed, from time to time. And we desire, above all, to get well written articles on general subjects of interest, whether doctrinal or practical; for such articles, after all, give *character* to the paper, and make it most useful and respected by friends and opposers. This last point is, therefore, the most important one to us, to our readers, and to the cause. And it is for this reason that we solicit our correspondents generally to bear it in mind—to strive to give us articles in accordance with it, so far as they can—and to keep us well supplied, that we may always have a sufficiency to select from, in this department. For even here, an agreeable variety is very desirable.

I will only add in this place that we are in want of well written articles of *every kind*, and particularly of the last named kind. Our stock of available communications is lower now than it has been for many, many months; and this occurs, too, at a season when we need such aid most; for we now shall have, for some months, the least leisure to prepare poorly written or badly composed articles for the press. May we not, therefore, solicit our correspondents to furnish us right early with those welcome evidences of their good will to our paper, and of zeal for the cause of truth and righteousness, which they heretofore so kindly yielded us?—Let each one send a few, at least—and those who can, send more.

N. B.—We (and our readers, also, would undoubtedly) would be very glad to hear again from Brs. Bartlett, Barray and Montgomery, our Associates. Can they not favor us with lots of *editorial?* A. B. G.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.

I wish to make a few remarks for the special consideration of the agents and friends of this paper, that may induce them to give a few weeks of active exertion in collecting and forwarding arrearages, and *adding subscribers to its subscription list.* My salary as Editor is fixed, and will continue the same as it now is, for the year to come; and I have no interest in the paper beside, so that I feel free to speak plainly on the subject, and to solicit attention to what I have to offer.

The proprietors of the paper have not only their *current expences*—the cost of printing and publishing—to pay; but they have payments to make on the purchase of the establishment, and *interest* on the portion of the purchase money yet unpaid. These latter payments remain the same, whether their list is increased or decreased—and the former are rendered great by the number of papers they send out, and the cost of correspondence, etc. Discounts on bank notes, and the costs of collection are greater, also, in these times, than they are in good times. You will readily perceive, therefore, the necessity of prompt payments by their subscribers. A large unpaying list is a millstone around the neck of a publisher, increasing his expences of publishlishing, of correspondence, of yearly interest on his capital, of costs of collection; and all without making any return. Surely, if every subscriber could realize the importance of his subscription (small as it may appear to *him*) to the publishers, no one would withhold payment for more than one year.

I am informed by the Proprietors, that a large number of subscribers are indebted for two years and upward—*some* of them repeatedly able, have not paid anything for three years and more. It is impossible to conduct a paper with *such* supporters, unless a man had a large capital which he could afford to let out for years together. They are compelled, therefore, to adopt a resolution to strike off the names of all subscribers who owe for two years and upward, and take measures to collect what is due from such, which are not pleasant to think of. This step will very much reduce the subscription list, curtail the circulation and consequently decrease the usefulness, of the paper. I am sure that if all our friends could realize the good the paper is doing for our cause, they would regret any thing that would lessen its utility, and exert themselves to prevent its necessity, or to provide a remedy for the evil. The agents and friends of the paper *can* measurably prevent it, by inducing all delinquents in their vicinity, to pay up, at once, what they owe. And they can remedy the loss of such subscribers as will not pay, by inducing others who are not subscribers, to become such before the next volume begins. Will they not do it? We appeal to them in behalf of a paper which certainly deserves some considerable effort, inasmuch as it has always been found faithful, able and efficient. We ask their exertions in this respect, for the sake of the cause in which we are engaged—a cause dear to every liberal mind—a cause now bitterly assailed by every unfair and ungenerous means by the enemies of a liberal faith and of civil and religious freedom—a cause which must suffer much, unless they aid in preventing a diminished circulation of light among community, by the means above proposed.

Another evil threatens the prosperity of the paper.—The times have been more than usually hard during the past year, and money has been scarce. Many, not yet feeling any change of the times, (though such change has begun,) and desirous of retrenching expences, most injudiciously lop off *a paper* as the *first* thing. We entreat those persons to consider what they do! They probably retain several things less useful and more expensive than our paper, when they cut off the paper.—At all events, there are other things they *could* cut off, that will not injure the cause, and, through it, community, half as much as will the cutting off of this paper. For that cause we have sacrificed much in toil, in care, in money; and we feel as if we had a right to ask our brethren to make a little sacrifice, now and then, for it also. Will they not do it? Do they not love it enough to do so? Is it not important enough to deserve a sacrifice of one dollar and fifty cents, or two dollars a year? We ask each subscriber to consider these questions in the light of truth and conscience, and answer them in a corresponding action.

Agents and friends—we look to you for aid in this hour of need. Save our list from losses. Make up, if you can, all deficiencies that may occur in its circulation, and we will endeavor, by doing our duty, to secure you from regret for your exertions. A. B. G.

THE GREAT CELEBRATION.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Rev. vii: 9, 10.

The triumph of the American people over tyranny and oppression, and which has given us our institutions and laws, and made every man a king, is small compared with that triumph to which these words allude. The one was a triumph over despotic power and kingly aggression; the other will be a triumph over sin, death, and the grave—the one was participated in by a single nation; the other will be by all nations, kindreds, people and tongues.

Could we on the last Anniversary have looked all over our broad land, and into every dwelling and every heart, how much of rejoicing we should have seen!—what feelings of patriotism—what emotions of gratitude to God, stirring the souls of seventeen millions of people, free! It ever has been, and ever will be a proud day for our nation. But could we look forward with a prophet's vision to the winding up of the plans and purposes of God, we would see an infinitely greater rejoicing—we would see the myriads of our race clothed upon with immortality; joy would beam in every countenance—every heart would throb with bliss, and every hand would be raised in assurance, as the triumphant shout, was uttered "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

If the events of the last great day, are to be, what many believe they will be, there will not be found even one among all the creatures of God, to unite in the celebration of which the apostle speaks. I know we have been told, that even the agony and despair of the lost, would be a cause of rejoicing and triumph; and many no doubt have exulted over the idea, that they would be privileged with standing upon the battlement of heaven, and mocking the groans of a neighbor, crushed beneath the wrath of God forever! Alas! for poor, fallen humanity! The savage, when once he has his enemy within his power, derives a fiendish satisfaction from the tortures he inflicts. When the red flames enwrap the victim of his vengeance, he rejoices to see him writhe and convulse, and his groans and shrieks fill his soul with triumph. But is it a celebration like this, of which the beloved disciple spoke in prophecy? Is it true that a portion of the human family are to triumph over the crushed and bleeding hopes of the remainder? Is it true, that the event which separates humanity—which snatches the infant from the mother's arms—tear the wife away from the husband, the son from the father, and the friend from friend, and consigns them to the abodes of endless darkness and despair, is to be celebrated with joy around the throne of God? Is this what the apostle means? Is this language descriptive of the rejoicings of the few, while the many are sinking down beneath the waves of endless ruin? There is not that man living with a spark of love of human sympathy in his soul, who dare assert it!

It has been said, you know, that the saints would be so changed in the future state, as to be able to contemplate the sufferings of the lost unmoved. But this can not be if they are made equal unto the angels; for they are represented as feeling an interest in the welfare of the sinner, and rejoicing over his repentance. The most reasonable conclusion is, that as they possess feeling hearts here, so they will possess them in heaven; and that to them there the sight of misery will be infinitely more painful than it is here. They can not unite then in celebrating an event which consigns to endless misery an immortal soul, and that soul perhaps a child over whom they have often wept and prayed.

It will be noticed, that the apostle's language is literally descriptive of the fulfilment of the promise of God. He declared to the patriarchs that in them, and their seed, (which was Christ,) he would bless all the nations, kindreds and families of the earth; and this blessing, Peter assured the Jews, was to consist in salvation from sin. And John saw through the medium of inspiration, all nations, kindreds, and families, celebrating this very event, and ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

The *oath* of Jehovah likewise finds its fulfilment in the vision of the apostle, "I have sworn by myself,—says God—the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." In this same vision, too, we see how true Peter's words are, when he says concerning Christ, "Whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken"—it is not I who have spoken—it is not any Universalist preacher who has spoken, but—"which God *hath* spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." It was this very event, so triumphant and rejoicing—the Restitution or Restoration of all things to their primitive state, order and purity, that the disciple John saw celebrated. In the language of Paul, he saw "the whole creation, delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God;" and he beheld the great heart of humanity thrill with joy when this liberty was proclaimed, and up from that vast throng which no man could number, composed of all nations, kindreds, people and tongues; went up the shout of triumph—"Salvation to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" O, what a victory that will be, and how worthy of being celebrated, when we are brought off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him who loved us! The human race now, as it were, travail in pain and tears. In every land upon which the sun shines there is wo; and bitterness and gall is mingled with many a cup that man drinks. Even in this hour, could we look into the abodes of men, how many might we see weighed down with sickness sorrow—how many widows and fatherless children pining under neglect and

destitution—how many fathers and mother's broken hearted—how many weeping friends gathered around the dying beds of loved ones—how many mourning for that absent parent or child, whom the Destroyer has taken away—and how many in whose hearts guilt, and remorse, and despair have taken up their abode, and kindled the fires of the lowest hell! But when the plans and purposes of God are consummated; when his promises in their length and breadth are fulfilled, and his work of misery is finished, then the evils which now afflict us will be no more. Sickness will be exchanged for immortal health—old age for youth—tears for smiles—weeping for joy—sorrow for gladness, and bliss for pain! The sundered ties of humanity will then be reunited. The mother will again clasp her child to her bosom—the hands of friends will be linked once more—families will meet in a home where death can never separate them—and to all will be imparted the freedom of the Son of God! Oh! then what a victory will be celebrated! A victory over death—a victory over the grave—a victory over sin—a victory over pain—a victory over corruption in all its forms, and over every power of darkness! And it was the celebration of this mighty triumph that the Revelator saw; and through faith we may behold the same. We may look forward, if we will, to the same great day of rejoicing, and see an entire world gathered before the throne of God, redeemed from the thraldom of earthly pollution, and made free as the angels.

And can not you believe that what God has purposed and willed, and promised, and sworn will surely come to pass? Can not you believe that the restitution of all things which hath been spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets, will certainly take place? Can not you believe, that what the beloved disciples actually saw in vision will be fulfilled? We know that sin is mighty; but the love of God is mightier. We know that the heart of man is hard; but the love of God can soften it. We know that the creature is sold in bondage under corruption; but the love of God can break off his chains and set him free! We close then, in the language of Scripture—"be not faithless, but believing."

A. C. B.

THE PASSOVER.

Additional Remarks.—Unable to find time to bring up arrears from the preceding week, (caused by indisposition,) and also prepare an article on this subject, I have preferred giving the concise and correct statement of Dr. Jahn, from that standard work of his on Biblical antiquities, manners and customs. This course renders it unnecessary for me to add more than a few additional particulars.

1. The Passover, after its first institution, was eaten in the same manner as a common meal, as stated by Dr. Jahn. That is to say, the guests *reclined* on a matress, carpet or cushion, with the right side next to the table (which was only a low stool,) and the legs bent or crossed, so that the feet could be approached from behind (Luke vii: 38) and so that one guest could recline on the bosom of the one behind him, or rather at his left side, on which each one reclined. (John xiii: 23). Three sat on one mat or cushion. Females were not admitted to any of the feasts with the men, but partook by themselves. See Jahn's Arch., Sec. 146.

2. Great care was taken to remove and destroy every particle of *leaven* from each house, the evening before the Passover commenced—so that whether the "last supper" was eaten on the regular evening of the Passover, or not, it is highly improbable that *leavened* bread was used by him—leaven being considered by all Jews as an emblem of error, deceit and hypocrisy. This fact also renders it improbable that *fermented* wine was used. The unleavened bread was made in cakes not more than the eight of an inch thick, and about nine or ten inches in diameter. It was not cut, but broken—as it is among the Jews at the present day.

3. The form of blessing or prayer in use in the time of the Saviour has been preserved. It is this—"Blessed be thou, O Lord, our God, the king of the world, who hast produced this food [or this drink] from the earth [or the vine]"—as the case may be.

4. Any Sabbath which was immediately followed by any of the great festivals under the Law, was denominated a *great* Sabbath. And it is believed that any Sabbath occurring during the Passover, was peculiarly regarded in its double capacity—especially a Sabbath occurring on the day after the second day of that feast. In that case, the Saturday following would be termed the *second-first*, (Luke vi: 1,) being that in order, reckoning (as the Jews did) from the Passover to Pentecost.

Some of these particulars, together with many recorded by Jahn above, will be referred to in our remarks next week. The others are given for the information of the reader who may be curious on the subject generally.

I may as well add here, that the question, Whether Jesus, in his last supper, observed the legal time for the Passover, or not, has been agitated in almost every age of the church, from the destruction of the Jewish dispensation down to the present time. At first, among the ancients, the question was generally carried in the affirmative; but in modern times, commentators begin to lean most to the negative. A desire to establish a coincidence in point of *time*, between the death of Christ and the sacrifice of the paschal lamb—especially connected as that subject is with the orthodox notion that Jesus was a literal sacrifice, offered up to propitiate the wrath of, and to placate the Deity—those notions, I say, may account for the singular fact above noted. But as we shall show, before we leave this subject, that Jesus was not either an *expiatory* or a *eucharistic* sacrifice, we see no necessity for that discussion. The mists of ages rest upon it, and conjecture and speculation are all that can be offered in regard to it. We shall, therefore, adhere to the accounts given us by the *four* Evangelists, leaving every one to conjecture for himself respecting those things which they have not explained. Next week we shall take up the subject of the last Supper, and show its precise accordance with all the particulars belonging to the celebration of the Passover. Till then, reader, in all charity and candor, I bid you farewell.

A. B. G.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Next Thursday is the day appointed for general thanksgiving in this State. We hope it will be observed by grateful hearts—particularly in a special remembrance of the poor and needy. There are many sections of our land where there are many poor, who must greatly suffer this winter, if those able to be generous are not mindful of their wants. So many have been unable to find employment during the summer and fall—and so many are now destitute of work—that it makes the heart sick to think of winter. How can they endure its hunger and its cold? Many families have neither clothing nor fuel—some without stoves—nearly all without any provision for the winter—what can be done for them? God help the poor! Let all who can, see that those around them are not suffering for the necessaries and comforts of life. Let them not wait to be called on, but go and search out helpless families, and modest poverty. Give work and good wages, promptly paid, wherever it is needed—for that is the *best* mode of relief, and the most acceptable, too, to the worthy poor. But at all events, give relief where it is deserved; and do not, for God and humanity's sake, do not allow even the undeserving and the vile to starve or freeze in this land of plenty and professed Christianity. Let all who have been blessed with the means of aiding the poor, keep thanksgiving every day from this until next summer, in this manner, and they will, from the inmost soul, bless God for enabling them to enjoy the greatest happiness earth can bestow, "the luxury of doing good."

A. B. G.

CHANGES.

As my services as preacher to the Society in this city, will close with the present year, after January next I will not be under the necessity of preparing two sermons each week; and, consequently, hope I shall be better able to perform some other duties devolving upon me, than I have been for the past 21 months. The Utica Society have not yet, I believe, fixed on any person to become their pastor. I expect, however, to find employment for my Sundays with two or more societies in the vicinity. It is believed that this change will be better for both parties. They need a pastor who can devote his whole time and labors to their service; and I certainly need a little relaxation from the continual strain there has been on my mind for nearly two years past.

A. B. G.

A FAIR!!

The teachers and pupils of the Universalist Sunday School of this city are making preparations for a fair, to be holden on Monday, the 26th of December; the avails of which are to be appropriated to the purchase of a new Library. Donations are respectfully solicited and will be thankfully received from those who can lend us their aid. They can be left at the Depository—the house of Mr. L. Rumrill, No. 52 Broadway.

We should be exceedingly happy to acknowledge the receipt of some *curious* and *useful* articles from those friends residing in the adjoining villages, who can make it convenient to manufacture, and send us contributions of this kind. They can, undoubtedly make *some* little things which the little folks of this city do not often have the pleasure of witnessing. Perhaps they can favor us with a visit, and possess themselves of those things which *their* little folks so highly prize. We can assure them *that nothing will be sold for more than what it is really worth.* We wish, too, to have it clearly understood that we intend to have no fashionable lotteries and refined gambling, and that we shall not *retain the change* rightfully belonging to any person who may purchase any article!

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Correspondents! Please read the article addressed to you in another column. It will tell you our wants.—And having read it, please *write*. That will supply our wants. Please remember, WRITE!

A. B. G.

We are now sending out our accounts to agents and subscribers for collection, and we *do* hope our friends will heed the call and give us that assistance which is our due, and which we really *need*. Agents who receive accounts against subscribers who *have already paid them*, and of which we have not been notified, will regulate them accordingly, and make returns as soon as possible

JUST RECEIVED,

At this office, a quantity of Catechisms, Manuals, Class papers, etc., for Sunday Schools. Cash orders promptly attended to.

Also, a lot of Sunday School Library Books.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday, by Br. Webster in Deerfield.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday inst., by Br. D. K. Lee in Wolcott; and Br. N. Sawyer in Newark—Br. M. B. Smith at Little Falls, in the evening—Br. Webster in New Hartford—Br. Ryder in Litchfield.

Br. M. B. Smith will preach at Cold Brook, on the evening of the 14th inst.

Christmas Eve will be celebrated at Cold Brook, Saturday evening, December 24th. Sermon by Br. M. B. Smith.

A Conference of the Allegany Association will be held in Arcade, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in December. Ministering brethren are invited to attend.

I. B. S.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

H D, Cincinnatus—P M, Tecumseh, (Mich) for G B, W W A, G R and L A—A F C, Salubria—P M, Dixboro', (Mich) for S H H, D S B and D W—P M, Gustavus, (O) for P G, E H B and D S—P M, VanBuren Centre, for W H—P M, Copiah Creek, (Mi)—P M, Victor, for H B and S R—P M, Painsville, (O) for L J—P M, Norwich, for H B—P M, Penfield, (Pa)—P M, Loraine—P M, Wolf Creek, (Mich) for self and J M, B—P M, Laporte, (Ind) for J B and S T—P M, Ridge, for E S—I B, S, Hume, for A S—P M, Fowler, for G M H—P M, Medina C H, (O) for I W B—M H, Yatesville—P M, Smithville, (U C) for R C G and B W—P M, Salem, for P W—P M, Steuben, (O) for J B—P M, Brooklyn, [O] for J P—P M, Hogansburgh, for R A C—P M, Montrose, [Pa] for W F—H S, Irving—P M, Angelica, for P F and R N—P M, Lexington, [O] for T O C and S W.

POETRY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Br. Grosh—The enclosed were taken from a common place book of a friend, if they are deemed worthy, they are at your disposal. Fraternally Thine

S. H. Lloyd.

SONNET.

Hail Stars! ye beautifiers of the sky,
Ye heaven'ly pictures—golden lamps of night—
Ye diadems of Heaven, and thrones of light,
Hung from "the palace of eternity
By golden chains," ye each divinely shed
A softened lustre o'er the silent deep;
Such as when maiden's eyes at midnight weep
With diamond brightness o'er a lover dead.
Ye sweetly beam a pleasure o'er my soul,
Whilst on the fragment of this craggy steep,
When all the world but me is sunk in sleep,
I meditate beneath your sweet control
On him, who formed you, and whose breath did light
Your golden beams to beautify the night.

New Hartford, August, 1842. H. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

THE END OF TIME.....REV. X.

The angel of the Lord came down from his throne,
The brightness of the sun in his countenance shone;
The beauties of the firmament formed his attire,
The clouds were his robes, and his feet were of fire;
The rainbow of heaven encircled his head,
And the curtains of the skies on his shoulders were laid,
He came down to make known the Almighty's commands,
Ye sons of the earth, behold where he stands!
One foot on the ocean—the other on the land,
What scene e'er appeared so awfully grand?
The arm of an angel uplifted so high,
That seemed to be lost mid the stars of the sky,
He breathed—fierce lightnings flashed over the world,
And cities and kingdoms to ruins were hurled,
A peal of hoarse thunder re-echoed around,
The sons of the earth fell dead at the sound,
The graves were rent open—the dead were all raised,
And temples and forests triumphantly blazed.
He spake—his voice like the lion's loud roar,
Or the ocean's wild waves when dashed on the shore,
And swore by the Power that formed the earth,
And first gave to Time his wonterful birth—
"Time no longer should be—his course he had run,
The world is in flames, and a new one begun."
He spake, while the earth remained a green,
And fled back on the winds to his heavenly *throne*.

New Hartford, August, 1842. H. M.

KNOWLEDGE.

Bentley's Miscellany, for September, contains among other things the following:

Anecdotal reminiscences of an English missionary named Clarke, who went out to convert the natives of India to Christianity, but, finding in his efforts, returned in despair to Calcutta. We give the rest of the anecdote in the writer's own words.

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clark wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and at the time appointed, the heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several inconsequential queries and answers. For half an hour, neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him—

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?"—"I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?"—"Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?"—"Impossible."

"Will you swear to it?"—"Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?"—"Daily."

"Bring me some of that fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His order was complied with: the pomegranates were brought.

"Chose one." The Brahmin did so.—"Cut it in two." With this direction he complied.—"Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope.—"Now look at it."

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalculæ. The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate, [which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,] looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hands, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered "*Bus such hi.*" ["Enough—it is true."]

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That every thing being filled with animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?"

"No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?"

"I have a favor to ask?"

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I can not buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But as the Indian was urgent almost to entreaty, he at length consented, (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value,) and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir, Christian," replied the Hindoo, in a cold, grave tone, "it means that I was a happy, a good a pious man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable!"

With these words, the unfortunate Brahmin quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

From the Annapolis Republican.

HOME.

There is a beautiful and cheerful feature—one peculiarly attractive in American society not often dwelt upon. It is the home of labor; its hearth; its fire-side; its privacy; its perfect and manly independence. Every man's house is his castle, says our code of civil liberty and sturdy republicanism. Truly, it is a castle! not with bristling bayonet—nor mounted cannons defended; but covered all over with the more impregnable ægis of the law. Yes, every man's house is his castle. But in no land is the figure so fully carried out as in this; for we can almost say, that every man has his castle.—Look over our large cities, our towns and our villages. Survey the spectacle of millions living in quiet content, in the small dwellings of honest industry. A virtuous and clever lad works out his apprenticeship. He becomes a journeman. Then a husband, and at once, he and his wife seek to live by themselves. They want the quiet, the peace, the privacy, the individual independence which the American as naturally seeks as the child does its mother's milky fountain. They seek, and they find it too. Now he labors on. His daily labor wins him a daily competence. He relies with faith upon the promise implied in his petition—"Give us this day our daily bread." Her, his affectionate wife receives him on his return from toil and cares with him (doing her part) the fruits of his honest labor.—Here, his children are born and nurtured. *Here*, he lives on in quiet and unobtrusive economy. Perchance, he is enabled to purchase his small and cheap dwelling—and here, he hopes in turn to become a master of workmen.

Now, in our land, we have our thousands and tens of thousands of men and families, who live on from day to day, upon the rewards of daily labor in the mechanic arts. They live separate and apart, each part bringing up their own, in their own way, with none to molest them. This habit of society swells the large cities.—Small houses, and cheap rents, are the pioneers of improvement. This habit of society furnishes employment to thousands; and insensibly builds up streets, and increases towns to cities. It is *home* labor, acting and reacting upon *domestic* wants, and *domestic* interests that does all this good. There is nothing like it in other countries. Upon the continent of Europe; in the Norik; in Germany; among the Dutch and French, a totally different state of living is found. One roof of a great house, many stories high, with three or four great stair ways from garret to cellar, covers and shelters a hundred families. Some on the first floor, some on the second, some on the third, some on the fourth, some on the fifth, and some wend their weary way, and drag their toil worn limbs to the secluded misery of the sixth garret! Each floor is again subdivided into various apartments, and the whole rented out according to circumstances. Such in the continental cities are the dwellings and residing places of the laborious and honest poor. The people on the first floor are as much strangers to those on the fourth and fifth and sixth, as if they lived in different regions, and spoke different languages.

A FATHER'S COUNSEL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Truth will not accommodate itself to us, my son, but we must conform ourselves to truth.

Hold yourself too good to do evil.

What you can see, look at with *your own* eyes.

Fear no man so much as yourself.

Learn gladly of others; and whenever they talk of wisdom, honor, happiness, light, freedom, virtue, listen attentively. But do not believe at once all that you hear. Words are only words, and when they drive along so very easy and swiftly, be on your guard; for horses that draw a valuable load travel slowly.

It is easy to despise, but to *understand* is far better.

Teach not others until you have learned yourself.

Take care of your body, but not as if it were your soul.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Flatter no man, and permit no man to flatter you.

Depend on no great men.

Hypocrisy.—The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying—"Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer: *it behooves us to take care of Jupiter.*

A man in the Boston workhouse is blessed with a good appetite. The Medical Journal says: "He could not be satisfied with eating; he has devoured six pounds of bread, and washed it down repeatedly with four quarts of water, chocolate or coffee—taking either, indifferently, or as they were given to him. Raw carrots, apples, meat, and in fact any thing on which he could lay his hands, he devoured with ravenous avidity. A pan of bread was habitually placed by the side of his bed on his retiring, and when he awoke in the night he lunched enormously, and with unabated satisfaction, at the expense of the city."